

THE
POORES LAMEN-
TATION FOR THE

DEATH OF OVR LATE

dread Soueraigne the High and Mightie

*Princesse Elizabeth, late Queene of Eng-
land, France and Ireland.*

With their prayers to God for the
High and Mightie Prince

JAMES by the grace of God King
*of England, Scotland, France
and Ireland, defender of
the Faith.*



Imprinted at London for *Thomas Panier*, and are to be folde
shop in *Cornehill*, neere the *Exchange*, at the signe
of the *Cat and the Parrets.* 1603.

THE POORES LAMENTATION.



Ou wailing wights that take delight to mourne
vouchsafe to lend your aide vnto my Pen;
Assist my muse, my verse for to adorne,
sithes, sobs, & teares, shall sure be pleasing then
For sorrow sadly sits vpon my brest,
And doth bereaue my hart of quiet rest.

Come woe and wander with me all alone,
and guide me to some solitary place:
Where I with flouds of teares may sith and grone,
and wailing wander by my selfe a space.
But soft a while me thinkes I here some crie,
Stay, stay, and take with thee more company.

We all will beare a part in this lament,
for this thy cares doth all of vs concerne:
Wherefore lets all prepare incontinent,
now we are priuate none can vs discerne,
Nay lets not feare, if all the world did see,
For most within it doe with vs agree.

Then let vs all fall downe vpon our knee,
and then direct our eyes to heauen so hie:
Then with consent let all of vs agree,
to wring our hands and sadly sobring crie,
Lord it is thou, tis thou oh Lord I say,
Which for our sinne hath taken quite away

Our good and Godly gracious royall Queene,
which was our comfort while she did remaine:
Whose like on earth before was neuer seene,
nor did, nor doth, the world her like containe,
Elizabeth, Elizabeth I say,
From little England now is taine away.

The Poores Lamentation.

In the beginning of *Queene Maries* raigne,
her grace at *Ashbridge* at her house did lie :
Sore sicke God wot, and very full of paine,
not like to liue, but very like to die.
To her in all the hast *Queene Mary* sent,
To haue her brought to her incontinent.

Three of the Counsell to that end did ride,
with twelue score horse-men in their company :
And euery one his weapon by his side,
To *Ashbridge* posting they in hast doe hie.
Yet it was ten a clocke within the night,
When they were at the gate for to alight.

Straight to her chamber they in hast did goe,
and with her grace demaunded for to speake :
Answer was made them that the cause was so,
that she in bed that time was very weake,
And did request them stay till the next day,
Who answered that the *Queene* they must obey.

And she had charg'd them all vpon their life,
aliue or dead to bring her thence away :
Wherefore quoth they we soone will end this strife,
going into the chamber where she laye.
Her grace did see them and with griefe did say,
Could you not while to morrow morning stay.

No, straight they answered all with one consent,
aliue or dead away from hence you must :
Thus with commission to you we are sent,
'tis very straight quoth she, yet I doe trust,
My gracious *Queene* will mercie to me show,
Of this my sickenesse if she did but know

The poores Lamentation.

The Queene hath sent her letter for your grace,
gainst nine a clocke therefore I pray prepare:
Alasse quoth she ths is a greuous case,
is this hard hap allotted for my share.
Great God that knowes the secrets of my hart,
Vouchsafe, vouchsafe, to take thy hand-maids part.

Then on the morrow very sicke and weake,
she from her house was carried straight away:
Her seruants harts ready with grieffe to breake,
did for their gracious Lady weeping pray.
That God would still defend her with his might,
For this strange dealing did them much affright.

From thence vnto the Court she was conuayde,
where foureteene daies her grace was closely kept:
And might not see the Queene while there she staid,
this dealing when her grace did see, she wept.
Some charg'd her with *Wyatts* conspirasie,
The which her grace did vitterly deny.

Yet for all that, the Queene commaundement sent,
that she next tide should to the *Tower* goe:
And when the time was come she greeued went,
the Queene commaunded, and it must be so.
Then to the *Tower* she was carried straight,
Where for her comming many did awaite.

She landing, passed straight into the *Tower*,
when she was there, the gates they boulded fast:
Quoth she, I neuer thought to see this houre,
well now I see my ioyfull dayes are past.
Which I haue here vpon the earth to spend,
Yet haue me not O Lord, but comfort send.

The Poores Lamentation.

Oh Lord thou knowst the secrets of my hart,
thou knowst how I am wronged in this place;
I pray vouchsafe great God to take my part,
and let my wrong be turn'd to their disgrace.
That are the cause of my imprisonment,
Lord let them see their sinne incontinent.

Within the Tower long time she did remaine,
being too much abused by many a one:
And though her grace did often times complaine,
yet there was none that did regard her mone
At last one tould her, she from thence should goe,
To *Woodstock* for the *Queene* would haue it so.

Then from the *Tower* to *Woodstocke* she was sent,
there to be kept a prisoner as before:
And threescore souldiers for to gard her went,
where at her Princely grace was greued sore.
Thus traytor like quoth she, why do you vse me,
In truth, in truth, you all do much abuse me.

During the time that she in *Woodstocke* lay,
with life she often escaped very neere:
For many wayes *Stephen Gardiner* did assay,
as in the story it doth plaine appeare.
To bring that Godly Lady to her end,
But God aboue, her grace did still defend.

From thence to *Hampton Court* she was conuey'd,
there to remaine as she had done before:
Wherein close prison she a fortnight layd;
and out of dores not suffered for to stirre,
From thence at last at ten a clocke at night,
She was conuayed to *Queene Maries* ^{chamber}.

The poores Lamentation.

Who did demaund, and if she would not yeeld,
vnto her grace that mercie she might haue :
If I offended haue, let me be held
a traytor, for no mercy I will craue.
For God that liueth in Eternitie,
Doth know I neuer wrongd your Maiestie.

From prison then the Queene did her release,
and to her house at *Lambeye* did her send :
From all her troubles there to liue in peace,
with two or three vpon her to attend.
Thus was our gracious and our louing Queene,
Toste too and fro, as one of no esteeme.

Not like a Princeesse of such great renowne,
the like of her fayre England neuer had :
And rightfull heire next vnto the crowne,
which ioy'd all faithfull hearts and made them glad.
For shortly after God did take away
Marie from vs which was a ioyfull day.

Then was *Elizabeth* proclaimed Queene,
whose loue vnto vs alway did abound,
More ioye in England there was neuer scene,
not without cause, as since we all haue found.
Specially those which rightly feare the Lord,
And lou'd the trueth, and Papistry abhord.

Thus did the Lord from troubles many a one,
preferue and keepe her gracious Maiestie.
And with his hand did set her on her throne,
to be admired of all posteritie.
That after ages might report and say,
Thus deales the Lord with them that him obey.

The poores Lamentation.

Nay of her right when as she was possesst,
and had vpon her head that glorious crowne :
There he in mercie did not let her rest,
but all her foes with speed that did but frowne.
The Lord in Iustice ended soone their dayes,
Therefore alone to him we yeeld the praise.

All those that please the Chronicles to read,
shall see how God did keepe her with his power :
And by the hand (as 'twere) her grace did lead,
euen from her birth day, to her latest hower :
And many traiterous actes against her grace,
Did bring to light, and vtterly deface.

He did not blesse our gracious Queene alone,
but all her Counsell, and her realme likewise:
For none of them had cause to make their moane,
for she the meanest sort did not despise.
But did direct such orders for their stay,
As bindes the poore vpon their knees to pray.

That God would graunt her *Nestors* yeares to liue,
and *Cressus* wealth thrice doubled to enioy :
Salomons wisedome, Lord we pray thee giue,
vnto her Grace, and keepe her from annoy.
These were the prayers that the poore did make,
For vertuous Queene *Elizabeth* her sake.

Whom from her birth the Lord did keepe no doubt,
as he did *Moyse* from proud *Pharaoks* hand :
To end her dayes though many went about,
yet like *Mount Sina* still her grace did stand.
In spight of *Pope* and *Spanish* policie,
The Lord did blesse and keepe her Maiⁿ.

The poores Lamentation.

For *Israell* did *Moyſes* often pray,
our Queene for *England* euer did the ſame,
And *Samuell* alwayes did the Lord obay,
ſo did our good and gracious Queene of fame.
As *England* found, whoſe welfare did relye,
vpon the perſon of her Maieſtie.

Abraham is gone, which for vs oft did pray,
our ſtaye is gone whereon we all did reſt:
For *Lotte* from vs is taken quite away,
Ioſeph is gone, for whom this land was bleſt,
Our *Abraham*, *Lot*, with *Ioſeph* now is dead,
And with our Queene their vertues wrapt in lead.

Gone is our Queene, whoſe like cannot be found,
gone is our Queene which alwayes lou'd vs deare,
Gone is our Queene whoſe vertues did abound,
as by her care it often did appeare.
Gone is our ioy, our ſtay, our life, our loue,
Gone is our Load-ſtarre vnto heauen aboue.

Downe is that Sunne which oft did ſhine ſo bright,
downe is that Starre which many did excell:
Downe is that Moone which oft did giue vs light,
downe is that light which darkeneſſe did excell.
Our Lampe is out, the which did burne ſo cleere,
And gaue vs light this five and fortie yeere.

But ſhall we greeue that ſhe is gone to reſt,
who all her life to do vs good did ſpend:
No, lets reioyce, ſiue God doth count it beſt,
from troubles for her Maieſtie to ſend,
To giue her that for which ſhe laboured long,
To keepe her, you ſhould do her wrong.

The poore's Lamentation.

To heauen, to heauen, our gracious Queene is gone,
to liue with Christ in ioy for euermore :

Then leaue to sithe, to sob, to weepe and mone;
for she in glory doth Gods name adore.

With many thousand Saints and angels she,
Sings Holy, holy, holy, Trinity.

Thus let vs leaue her with that glorious traine,
to praise the Lord in heauen for euermore :

There crown'd with glory euer to remaine,
with heauenly voyces and with Martyrs store.

Who in their consorts all agree in one,
Still giuing honour vnto God alone.

Yet weeping, weepe for her which had your harts,
who lou'd you dearly while she did remaine :

But let your cries be seuered into partes,
your state and welfare still for to maintaine.

And praise the Lord, the which in mercie haue,
Sent thee a King that is both wise and graue.

The Pope long time hath wished for this day,
thinking to bring vs vnderneath his yoake :

But now poore ~~fools~~ they know not what to say,
hipocrisie they finde their finest cloake.

For though our Queene *Elizabeth* be dead,
We haue a King that ruleth in her stead.

Who will the trueth maintaine while he doth liue,
in spite of Pope of Spaine or all that route :

Thy holy spirit Lord vnto him giue,
to be his guide in all he goes about.

And all that seek by means to wrong his grace,
Lord we beseech thee vnto deface.

The Peores Lamentation.

That little England still may praise thy name,
and liue in peace as we before haue done :
Preferue O God our royall King of fame,
he may proceed as he hath well begun :
Gods glory, and his Gospell to maintaine,
while here vpon the earth we do remaine.

God giue vs grace which be his subiects true,
with loyall hearts to serue him all our life :
And to preuent those dangers may insue,
If we among our selues should liue at strife.
Come let vs ioyne our hearts with hands and say,
The Lord be praisde that ere we saw this day.

For we in England now inioye a King,
which feares the Lord, and holds his subiects deare :
Whose fame for euer through the world shall ring,
for through his Realmes the Gospell shineth cleare.
And we enioy the peace we long possesse :
That without feare we all may take our rest.

Then let vs all confesse with one consent,
that God hath brought this mighty worke to passe :
And of our sinne lets earnestly repent,
for through the land more neede there neuer was.
For pride and enuie now doth beare such sway,
That faithfull dealing growes into decay.

Well to conclude, let euery one amend,
of his bad life that long he liued in :
Then many blessings God will on vs send,
then speedily let euery one begin.
To pray, obey, and serue the God of might,
For that is wholly pleasing in his sight.

The Poores Lamentation.

The God of heauen preferue our noble King,
and grant him three times *Nestors* yeares to liue:
That we with peace and plenty still may sing,
and alwayes to the Lord true praises giue.
Lord blesse both him and his, for euermore,
And grant we alway may thy name adore.

Lord let those vertues which our Queene possesse,
be trebeled vpon his royall head:
Lord guide him in those things which please thee best:
and let her vertues liue though she be dead.
Lord blesse his grace, and all his royall traine.
That peace and plenty he may still mainetaine.

That all thy subiectes may reioyce in thee,
which liue within the compasse of thy Realmes:
And ioyning harts with hands may all agree,
saying God saue, our noble Prince King *James*,
Whose Godly life, and vertuous deedes doe show,
Our state in England shall not ebbe but flow.

God grant it may for euer flourish so,
and still be famous all the world throughout,
And let vs not the word of God forgoe,
though popish Priestes to wrong it goe about.
Yet let this Iland still the same inioy,
For that is it hath kept vs from annoy.

Then feare the Lord and honour still thy King,
ioyne all as one, the trueth for to defend:
Then peace vnto our land will plenty bring,
and all our feeble states shall then amend.
Then let vs all with ecchoing voyces crie,
The Lord preferue his Royall Maiesty.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY,
FOR REFERENCE ONLY.
PERMISSION NECESSARY FOR
REPRODUCTION.